Pentecost

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He took me in the wind of his spirit
into the valley of the shadow
filled with death, the skeleton of a dreadful army.
Not a spirit, not a breath
of wind stirs the lifeless dust,
parched beyond Elijah’s three years’ drought.
And I am speechless, breathless as these corpses.

Son of Adam, son of earth!
Son of the first corpse.
Shall the breathless breathe?
*Et dixi: Domine Deus, tu nosti.*

*Deus dixit.*

A sound, an earthquake, going before the LORD
precursor to speech.
Bone on bone.
Sinew, flesh, skin—soulless, without spirit.
A place for breath! For prophecy.

Shall the breathless breathe?
*Et dixi: Domine Deus, tu nosti.*

Prophesy, son of Adam! Prophesy!
“Hear the word of the LORD.”

Come from the four winds—
breath, spirit!
Breathe on these lifeless corpses.
Recreate, breathe into the man of dust.
*Veni, Sancte Spiritus!*